

T H E
MISCELLANY:

CONTAINING

The COTTAGE, or WINTER EVENING'S
AMUSEMENT.

The ADVENTURES of a PEN.

and

A POEM ON DEATH.

By J. HUNT.

Buckingham,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. SEELEY;

SOLD ALSO BY THE AUTHOR AT STONY STRATFORD,
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND
COUNTRY.

1795.

ch
ons

MISSOURI



THE COURAGE OF WINTER
AMUSEMENT.

The Adventures of a Fox.

and

A Fable on Death.

By J. HUNT.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. HUNT;

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHERS, IN NEW YORK AND
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN NEW YORK AND

CONTRACT.

1854

P R E F A C E.

TO apologise for the following Sheets appearing *thus* in public, the Author begs leave to observe, that having written them merely for his own amusement in the Winter Evenings, he had published the greater part of them, under various signatures, in the Town and Country Magazine; but, on being solicited by his friends to collect them together, and re-publish them, as a small compensation for his trouble in transcribing; it is with diffidence he now offers them more particularly to public Inspection: humbly hoping, that as the Characters introduced in the ensuing Pages are *not personal*, they will give offence to no one; it being by no means his wish to entertain his Readers at the expence of any Individual's Reputation.

STONY-STRATFORD,
November 25th, 1795.



T H E
C O T T A G E,

O R,

Winter Evening's Amusement.

ON E dark, dismal, rainy night, I remember a company sitting by a chearful fire-side, when I was a lad, in my old Grandmother's Cottage, which was surrounded only by meadows, woods and rivulets; and as we had no other method of passing our time agreeably, (for cards were our utter aversion,) it was proposed that every one present should relate a story, or give some short history of his life,* as most of

* Would every company adopt this method of passing their time together, instead of "ranging and shuffling a set of painted pasteboards," how greatly would conversation be promoted, and how much more knowledge might our Youth acquire both of men and manners;

of them were ancient people; this was accordingly agreed to.

But before I proceed, it may be necessary to give a description of the company, which consisted of the following persons; Frank Friendly, Jack Joking, Ben Bumper, Timothy Taplash, Charles Credulous, and myself; being the only young person present.

Frank Friendly therefore thus began: You must know, neighbours, that as long as I can remember, it was always my temper to oblige every one as far as I was able, so as not to hurt myself; nay, I have gone further than this, I have done some people a kindness even to my own prejudice, and the only return I have met with from them was, they slighted me for it in the end; but however, I am contented, since we are commanded to do good for evil.

I recollect that once on a time I did a particular kindness to Harry Augur the Carpenter, and he was so much obliged to me then, he said, that he would do any thing



thing in his power to serve me by day or night : well, it happened in the space of three or four months after this, I had occasion to borrow a horse to go a journey on, now thinks I my friend Harry has got one, and if I apply to him, I cannot fail of meeting with success.

Full of these expectations, I went to my old acquaintance, and told him my intention of borrowing his horse ; but as soon as I had mentioned my business, I could see a strange alteration in his countenance, to what I observed when I did *him* a favour. He looked very cool, as the saying is, and muttered out something, that he was very sorry he could not *com—com—commodate* me, I believe it was, or some such fine word, whereby I understood he did not mean to serve me. From him I set off to Frank Fair-speech, a man I had also served when in *great distress*, and had once before this asked him such a favour, but his horse was then lame ; so thinks I, now to be sure he cannot

cannot deny me. Well! dear me, said he, (when I had told him my errand) how unfortunately it happens again, that I cannot oblige my friend! my horse is not in condition to undertake a journey, or I should have been very happy to have served you indeed! in short, he gave me to understand, that his horse should be at my service *any time*, but when *I wanted him*. However it luckily fell out for me, that Gaffer Goodwill, a man to whom I had never done any kind of service in my life, hearing me ask, and knowing I was denied the horse, very friendly told me I was welcome to his, and the man should go and fetch it up for me immediately. I thanked him very kindly, and accepted his offer, but did not make any great promises in return, lest he should think I might deceive him: for so it often happens, that the man to whom you have done a kindness, shall be the first to desert you in the time of need.

Such is the world, in which I have lived
threescore

threescore years and ten, without being able to change my opinion of it.*

Jack Joking, being called upon in rotation, remarked as follows: What Neighbour Friendly has observed respecting the instability of false friends, may be readily accounted for from this consideration; that so long as knaves and fools exist among us, we may reasonably expect to meet with oppression and ingratitude. If you will indulge me with attention, I will give you an instance in the following relation.

Matthew Mercenary and Peter Prodigal lived both in the same village; the latter possessed a large estate, and the other was master of address and cunning, having been many years distinguished in the public line, by the appellation of *the Insinuating Landlord*. The method this genius took to engage the

* This is by no means intended to derogate any thing from that *Universal Philanthropy*, which teaches us to esteem every man as a brother; but only to shew the base ingratitude of those, who can forget their former benefactors.

the attention, and secure the esteem of his customers, was as follows. He would frequently procure a Haunch of Venison; send for four or five of his *particular friends*, as he called them, and insist on their company to dine with him; assuring them, it was by no means his intention to give this feast, as is the custom of publicans in general, in order to oblige them to drink more liquor than they could wish, only to make him amends; no, he said, whatever was eaten or drank in his house by that party, should be alike free during the evening. It was a method, he observed, utterly inconsistent with his idea of friendship, to solicit the company of a person under pretence of treating him, only to extort more from him than the real value he had received. This benevolent disposition which Matthew displayed, was the very snare in which he meant to entrap the generous and unwary; and has been the sole cause of bringing many a grateful young fellow to distress.

Peter

Peter was one of these unhappy victims ; he thought no compensation too great to bestow on the man, whose liberality, he said, was so extensive to his friends. From this persuasion, his whole time was dedicated to the tavern ; to drunkenness and dissipation. Every licentious gratification was indulged, and every extravagant pursuit encouraged and promoted ; till at length Peter's fortune became greatly impaired, and in a short time totally spent. He himself despised and abandoned by his old friend Matthew, who refused to trust him for a pint of beer, even when *real necessity* was the cause of his soliciting it. So you see how great men are often great fools ; and the artful and designing, great knaves. However, if I do not trespass too much on your patience, before I conclude, I will sing you a song.

The great ones esteem us as louts,
 And think we few pleasures can see ;
 We laugh at their Ins and their Outs,
 And think they have fewer than we.

We

We mind not their cards nor their dice,
 But rural diversions pursue ;
 We're strangers to folly and vice,
 And love only those that are true.

With cares nor disquiets oppress'd,
 All sorrow is banish'd the mind ;
 Contented we lie down to rest,
 To pride nor ambition inclin'd.

Each morning we rise with the lark,
 We whistle and sing thro' the day ;
 And Sue meets her favourite spark,
 When eve breathes the fragrance of May.

Beneath the tall beech we retire,
 To prattle soft tales of delight ;
 Thus fondly we love and admire,
 And sigh but when comes the dull night.

Together we range o'er the hill,
 Where primroses richly abound ;
 We list' to the clack of a mill,
 Or pluck the gay daisies around.

How

How sweet does the eglantine smell,
 When showers have sprinkled it o'er;
 But sweeter by far, let me tell,
 Is she whom I fondly adore.

The season to labour and toil,
 I meet without fear or dismay;
 And Phillis, if you do but smile,
 I'm happy, contented and gay.

Adieu then to tumult and noise,
 (Let all animosities cease;)
 We seek more substantial joys
 From innocence, virtue, and peace.

There, my friends, says Jack, what do you think of that for a man of forty? Come, Master Bumper, I must call upon you as the next upon the list. Why I'll tell you what, neighbour Joking, I am nearly forty years older than you, and therefore you must not expect any great things from me. Time has been, I would have cracked a joke, or sung a song with any of you; but however, you will excuse what is amiss, and so here begins.

B

For

For an old man to sing,
 Is a frivolous thing,
 Without teeth how unpleasant the voice;
 But since none here's inclin'd
 Imperfections to mind,
 I'm dispos'd to contribute my noise.

O but when I was young,
 How I danc'd, laugh'd, and sung,
 And a summer's day reckon'd too short;
 With my bottle and glaſs
 Then my time I did paſs,
 And could join in the rustical sport.

But the crutch of old age
 Now my thoughts must engage,
 And "the tabor no more strikes my ear,"
 The gay seasons invite,
 But alas! their delight,
 I no longer am able to share

Now tis time to conclude,
 And I'm certain I shou'd,
 For too tedious my ditty has ran;

So here's GOD SAVE THE KING,
 And may Jacobines swing,
 Is the prayer of an honest old man.

Well done, Neighbour Bumper, cries Jack Joking, and you shall give us that toast *in* a bumper, my friend; so give me leave to help you. The toast went round, and the next man was called upon, which was Timothy Taplash.

Timothy began with remarking the different genius of boys at school, and the ridiculous ideas of *some* Parents respecting their education. I well remember, said he, when I was at school, a boy of the name of Sammy Simple, whose Parents would insist on his studying the Classics, because they were fond of reading poetry; and said they should think themselves amply recompensed for the expence of his extraordinary education, could they be pleased with a Poem which was the composition of their adorable Offspring.

Unfortunately for Sammy, as well as for his ludicrous Parents, he had not the gift of

a poetical genius, nor could the master, either by dint of examples, or the application of stripes, ever make him capable of distinguishing between a Dactyl, Spondee, &c.

His remonstrances with the Parents of the lad on his incapacity for that study, were equally unsuccessful:—Sammy *should* study the Muses! the consequence of which was, Sammy was soon after removed from that school, and the master loaded with reproaches for inattention.†

How unpleasant is the task, to a man of *literature only*, who is obliged to submit on this

† Such is the general result of that blind partiality of Parents, towards the abilities of their own offspring. Hence it is that men err in the *most important matters*: Master Jackey shall be pronounced a Parson when an infant in the cradle, because it is in the power of his relatives to procure him a benefice: By which means, it happens, we some times see a blockhead elevated in a Pulpit, (without abilities for such an undertaking), who might have shone in the capacity of a mechanic.

So our Religion suffers.—Dissenters triumph, and even our worthy, laborious Clergy are ridiculed, and despised in common with the above.

this occasion, to the opinion of every illiterate booby, who is blessed with affluence, and *favours him* with his *hereditary imperfections* !

I shall now defer making any more remarks on the subject, and beg leave to call upon my Neighbour Credulous.

“ Why you talk so *larned*, says Charles, that a body scarcely knows how to put in a word edgeways as the saying is; but I do not wonder at it; for I remember Master Taplash being sent to a fine grand Boarding School when I was a poor boy, and went to plough. Ah ! I little thought at that time, I should ever be his companion when we were old men; but he is very good-natured and agreeable, and so you are all neighbours, therefore I don’t mind blundering on something in my homespun way. However, as I love to hear *larned* men talk, and have their opinion on particular subjects, and *sitch* like, I will tell you the following story, exactly as it was told to me, by a person who I really think, would not tell an untruth if he knew it. Well then, you

must know, as how Tom Turnpenny the Razor-grinder, (you all know him *perfectly* well, I dare say) a blackguard dog as any in England; well, this Tom Turnpenny as I have been speaking of, was coming one moon-light night whistling and singing along, from mill-nob, down the long hedge which leads to hollow-head furlong in green-horn field; when all on a sudden, there appeared a woman without a head walking side by side with him; and in a moment she vanished away in a flash of lightening: this so terrified Tom, howsomever, that they say he has never been like himself since."

That's a good thing, replied Jack Joking, if he has since been like something *better* than himself! "Well it does not signify talking, added Charles, when we are by a good fire-side, and plenty of company with us; for I do not think we know how we should behave if such an accident was to happen to the very stoutest among us: and I'll tell you what Master Joking; I have heard my Mother

ther say as how her Grand mother used often to talk of seeing Sir Toby Troublesome come in his coach and six, many years after he had been dead: and how poor Betty Shrivelthumb, the washer-woman, as she was going home one evening from a neighbouring village, where she had been at work, about a mile from her own house, hearing a rumbling noise as if a coach was coming after her, looked behind and saw Sir Toby's carriage, horses, servants, and every thing as usual when he was alive; and she, not recollecting at that instant the old gentleman was dead, went as fast as ever she was able to open a gate for them to go through, when behold, instead of coming through the gate-way as she expected, the horses, carriage, and all took up a Haycock and then vanished away; which so terrified the poor old creature, that she dropped down in a fit immediately, and lay there for half an hour before she came to herself again; and has been subject to fits ever since.

since. And I'll tell you another thing of that kind too. Peter Plowshare lived servant with Farmer Gripeall, and it was reported that the farmer had cheated his Sister of her fortune which was left her by an old Uncle, who had been dead three years : Howsomever so it was, that the Uncle haunted the farmer's house two or three nights in a week; and would remove all the pewter, set all the chairs upon one another, and make such a noise that nobody in the house could rest for him. Well, Peter thought within himself as how he had not cheated any body, and therefore the spirit could not hurt him; (as you or I, or any one of us might reasonably suppose), but howsomever that was not the case, as you shall hear by and by : So he resolved to hide himself in the room under a great folding table, that he might see what the spirit was doing, and not be observed, as he thought. Well, the old man came at the usual time; but instead of meddling with the pewter, chairs, &c.

&c. behold you, he went and threw open the barn doors which were locked, (for you must know as how spirits can break open any lock) so he brought in a faggot of wood, laid it on the fire, tinded it, and took Peter and was going to lay him on it; but he screamed so loud as waked the fowls in the barn, and fortunately for him, set the cock to crowing; so the spirit was obliged to go and leave him, (for a spirit cannot stay after a cock crows): so poor Peter 'scaped being burned to death, howsomever. And they sent for several Parsons afterwards, who all met together, and laid the spirit in a circle in Neighbour Dusty's mill-dam.

Now these are absolutely matters of fact, as I have been told, and I can scarcely tell how to disbelieve them: howsomever I shall submit to your judgment, neighbours, and so beg you will be so good as to give me your opinion concerning these matters."

Timothy

Timothy Taplash observed, that it was something surprising to him at first view, to reflect how such glaring absurdities should exist in any other than a distempered brain; but upon more mature deliberation, he said it is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider how strenuously some men labour to deceive others, from being deceived themselves in the above particulars; but would they attend to right reason and religion on these occasions;—would they only ask themselves this question,—Is it probable, is it any ways consistent with our notions of a Supreme Being, that he should suffer the mammon of this world to intrude on our concerns in the regions of futurity? that pecuniary matters should disturb a man's eternal repose, and bring him back beyond the Grave?—Surely such a reflection must curb that infantile credulity which is so prevalent in the hearts of many well-disposed persons. Did they yet consider further they must likewise be convinced, that the supposition

position of a spirit hurting us, must imply a direct contradiction to our very ideas of a spirit.

We are of opinion, that a spirit "has not flesh and blood as we have." *Luke xxiv, 39.* that it is a *Shadow* only: how then can we believe it possible that a shadow can unlock doors, and take a man up in its arms?

Another argument might still be added, to dissuade men from entertaining such ignorant superstitions: namely, if after the spirit of a person is freed from its house of clay, it immediately enters, (as is supposed by many pious and learned men) into a state of happiness or misery, in some degree proportioned to its final destiny at the last judgment;* with what propriety can we imagine it *will* quit its abode in the former situation, or that it *can* in the latter? Of this

* Which opinion appears to be confirmed by our Saviour's expression to the Thief on the Cross—"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." *Luke xxiii, 43.*

this we have also an instance from holy writ, in the parable of the rich man in the Gospel, *Luke xvi*, who after death, being in torments, humbly intreated to go to his father's house, (for he had five brethren) that he might testify unto them, lest they also should come into that place of Torment. But alas, this request was denied him ! " If they hear not Moses and the Prophets," said Abraham, " neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

" Well, says Charles, I thank you very kindly Neighbour Taplash, for your opinion, and will never believe such stories any more : but since we are upon these subjects, I will also beg the favour of you to tell me what you think concerning Death-watches, Screech-owls, and Lone Crows; for I know it was reported, that when Neighbour Love-child's little boy was taken ill, a Death-watch was heard, and the nurse said it was in the cradle till the very minute the child died; and that the Screech-owl came and flacked

flapped its wings against the window two or three times in the night : and Farmer Few-brains said as how, when he was going to market one day, a lone Crow stood before him, and as sure as you are alive when he had sold a load of wheat, he got drunk that very night, staid late, and lost all his money among a set of sharpers. So it was bad luck for him, howsomever” !

In answer to these observations, Timothy replied, that the Death-watch, he believed, was an “insect nearly the size of a common Louse, frequent among old wood, furniture, &c. It is, said he, of an oblong and flattish figure, and of a pale, brownish white colour ; and the noise resembling the beating of a watch, is only the love-note of these animals, when the male or female woo each other.”* As for the Screech-owl, he observed, it was a bird of night, and the scream or hooting, was the note peculiar to it ; that

C

its

* See Dictionary of Arts and Sciences.

its flying against the window was by no means an omen of the child's death, but rather occasioned (as he should suppose) by the light of a candle in the room dazzling its eyes; for that bird cannot approach light but with dismay.

With respect to the single Crow, he added, the subject was better adapted to the ridicule of a Buffoon than the reasoning of a Philosopher.

All these things, Neighbour Credulous, says Timothy, are only impositions on the minds of the weaker part of mankind; and as an Author of some eminence observes, "were invented by knaves to frighten fools with": You will pardon the expression, my friend, when I tell you there have been many who call themselves greatly your superiors in point of education, that have fallen into the same mistaken notions.

Therefore let me intreat you, Neighbour, to look upon the names of Ghosts, Screech-owls, Death-watches, &c. in much the same light

light as you do the exprefſion of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*; which is meant only to terrify Children.

Having all finished their obſervations in rotation, as it was propoſed, Mr. Taplaſh was polite enough to call on *me* for ſomething of that kind; ſince I was one of the company, and for that reaſon, he was pleaſed to ſay, intitled to the ſame liberty of ſpeaking with the reſt; but I modeſtly declined that undertaking, from the advice I had received by my worthy Parents, (*viz*) “as you cannot expect to entertain or improve the aged by your diſcourſe, only liſten with attention to *them*, and they will improve you.” *

C 2

Thus

* Did every one receive this advice from Parents, and attend to it properly, we ſhould not ſee ſo many coxcomical loquacious young Fellows launching out into the extreme of folly and affectation before their elders; and endeavouring to convince them by impertinent obſervations, how much it is often the pride, as well as the practice, of youth to appear ridiculous.

Thus we broke up soon after ten, perfectly satisfied with our evening's amusement; which, unlike the fashionable recreations of this giddy, licentious age, would bear the reflections of our most serious moments.



THE

T H E

ADVENTURES of a PEN.

TH A T I was born a Feather, most people will acknowledge; that I came of a Goose or Gander is equally probable; and that I have been since employed by *many* a Goose and Gander, is by no means incredible. So much for my pedigree.

As to my masters and mistresses, I have had numberless of them. The first who engaged me in his service, was Sir Timothy Title; here I had little more to do, than to take an account of visits received and paid, —Engagements to the Play, the Opera, or Masquerade, and by chance write an epistle to a Friend, wherein I always professed a great deal of sincerity and disinterested affection: the subject was frequently to invite him to a Fox-hunting.

The next person who took me up, was a *very young Divine*. My employment then was chiefly to collect notes of sermons, write down "observations made on the preachers at St. Mary's;" and also *transcribe* discourses from other authors, for (by the bye) my master was unqualified for composing them himself; and his thoughts were more employed on shooting, hunting, &c. than on religion. Being dismissed his service, I fell into the hands of a *Limb of the Law*. In this situation I was cruelly treated; here bargains and sales, articles of marriage, (which in this *polite* age are esteemed by many of a similar nature) together with letters of attorney, wills, leases, mortgages, jointures, &c. &c. constituted my daily and *nightly* employment. Nay, so unmerciful was my friend Mr. Latitat, that he would not attend to the fourth commandment, but frequently engaged me on a Sunday; and the only words I can remember ever noticing of a religious tendency, were "in the name of God Amen"; save only, and except,

cept, when my *worthy employer* was induced from mercenary motives to write a *preamble* to a will, which he would read to the Testator or Testatrix with as much solemnity, and as long a phiz, as Justice Jumble-brains puts on when he makes out a poor man's mittimus.

By some happy accident however, I had the good fortune to disengage myself from the drudgery of the law, and to meet with a master of a very different disposition. This was no other than a great Mathematician, and profound Philosopher:—Who,

“ If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
 “ Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above ;
 “ Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
 “ He spoke, and charmed the audience with his speech.”

Ovid's Metam.

It now became my office to shew that a line is generated by the motion of a point ;—to demonstrate the propositions of Euclid, and criticise on the works of inferior authors ;—to calculate the angles of incidence and exit, immersion and emersion : the motions of half duration, &c. in a solar total Eclipse ;
 —to

—to determine the orbit of the Earth, its axis, position, and eccentricity;—to shew how the reflected rays of light are discovered from any plain surface;—to treat on the doctrine of the universal properties of matter, and the specific qualities of natural bodies;—to tell of the transparency and opacity, density and rarity, hardness and softness, rigidity and flexibility, consistence and fluidity, heat and cold, humidity and siccity, elasticity, odours, sapours of bodies, &c.

Having finished my labours on these subjects, I had the mortification to be picked up by Billy Bustle the News-monger. This creature you must understand, is never more hurried than when he has nothing to do: did you see him when he first rises in the morning, you might naturally suppose his whole happiness must depend on the news of the day. Had you witnessed his behaviour when the intelligence was first confirmed of our having taken Valenciennes from the French, I trust you would have been of opinion that his gesticulation exceeded even
that

that of an ape. He ran about the streets with the news-paper in his hand, and saluted all he met with "here's the news, my friends! here's the news! I thought we should drub the rascals at last. Huzza! my boys, ring the bells, make a bon-fire to-night, and break all their windows who will not set out lights. Huzza! then my lads."

Being convinced he could better exercise his lungs than his pen, he tucked me in the side-curl of his wig; from whence I was fortunately released by a sudden gust of wind.

Chance now threw me in the way of Peter Penury, an old emaciated Miser; who—— Good—lack—a—day!—was perfectly convinced, that "farthings long saved, amount to pounds at last." It was therefore the disposition of this idolatrous muck-worm, to employ me frequently on the most *trivial* occasions, filling many pages with accòmpts, which did not exceed five shillings. He was well acquainted with simple and compound interest, and although four-score years of
age,

age, could calculate the amount of any sum of money for a given time, more accurately than his Nephew Neddy Numscull, who had been taught arithmetic many years.

The next person who took me up, was an honest Hibernian, who by his *shoul* declared I was a very useful little fellow, to write down what a person has a mind to remember to *forget*.

I had continued but a short time with my friend Paddy, before my assistance was *humbly solicited* by the affable, the obsequious, and obliging Fiddle Faddle, a Dancing Master: this figure of the human species, appears to be of the *doubtful* gender, and is as elastic as a piece of elastic gum, or what is commonly called indian rubber. It is so *pliant* too, that it may be metamorphosed into almost any thing, but a *man*. Such a creature, we may imagine in its juvenile years, being unaccustomed to encounter with any kind of difficulties, was supposed by its parents, or those who had the care of its education; to be

be of so delicate a constitution as not to admit of any robust employment; and therefore they *wisely* adapted its profession to its apish disposition.

But I was soon dismissed the service of Mr. Fiddle-Faddle, and turned over to a buxom young Widow, who had lost her Husband five weeks, and was unfortunate enough not to experience the effect of her beauty so forcibly, as to have the happiness of a second offer; although she had been frequently playing and toying with Captain Coxcomb, a celebrated Buck in the—— Regiment of——who was more fond of exciting the vanity of the sex, than entering into matrimonial connections. However, this son of Mars, having an amorous turn and being blessed with something of a poetic genius; addressed the following lines to the languishing fair one.

What pity a form so divine,
 So elegant, pleasing, and gay,
 Where beauty and excellence shine,
 Neglected, should lonesomely stray!

In

In ~~return~~ for this compliment, the Captain received an invitation to tea with the Lady ; where we will leave them, from the supposition of their having no contract to sign, and refer to my next master. This you must understand was an Itinerant Preacher ; who, before his conversion travelled in the capacity of a Tinker ; but was now continually talking of predestination, election, saving faith, justification by faith, and such like : but as he preached entirely by *Inspiration*, and could not *write*, he had no need of me ; for which reason, I was very soon discarded his service, and immediately resumed my customary office in the hand of Symon Syntax, a noted Grammarian. It now became my principal employment to point out the rules of *Propria quæ maribus, Quæ genus, As in præsentî*, and the like ;—to guard particularly against solecisms, tautologies, and all inaccuracies in the english language ;—to shew the *imperfect* translation of many passages in Scripture ; such as *Matt. xvi. 13. and 15. Whom* do men say that I am ?

am? But *whom* say ye that *I am*? So likewise *Mark* viii. 27. 29. *Luke* ix. 18 and 20. *Whom* think ye that *I am*?

“ It ought in all these places to be *who*; which is not governed by the verb *say*, or *think*, but by the verb *am*, and agrees in case with the pronoun *I*. If the verb were in the infinitive mode, it would require the objective case of the relative, agreeing with the pronoun *me*: *Whom* think ye, or do ye think, *me to be*? *

As Mr. Syntax had a large family, and was in affluent circumstances, it was his peculiar method to advertise for his domestics in the following manner.

W A N T E D,

In a Gentleman's Family, a Person in the capacity of _____ He must speak the English Language correctly, or will be rejected. For Particulars apply to the Printer.

This observation was essentially necessary; for if ever the above gentleman heard any of his servants talking of Ghost-es, or “running
D their

* See a Short Introduction to English Grammar.

their heads against the Post-es, to avoid the Wild Beast-es;" he would instantly discharge them : Such barbarisms of language, he would say, were as *inhuman* as the Massacres in France.—Being greatly fatigued in this persecuting situation, I fell into the custody of Billy Booby, a vociferous Babler ; who knows every thing—but his own ignorance. It is the propensity of this *Swaggering Insignificant*, to shine in his *Oratorical* powers; he therefore talks a great deal, and very loud, in order to gain pre-eminence : which reminds me of a passage in Cicero ; where he compares *such* Orators to a Cripple getting on horseback, because he cannot walk ; so he says, these *bellow* because they cannot *speak*."

The next person I happened to meet with, was Goody Go-between, a celebrated Tale-bearer. It was now my business to write down all the news that Mrs. Tittle Tattle, Peggy Pry, Molly Magnify, and many other well-known gossips informed her of; lest, by forgetting her Author, (particularly in cases

cases of scandal) she should subject herself to an action for defamation: a very prudent caution this; and what I would earnestly recommend to tale-bearers in general. For it must certainly be an unpleasant circumstance for them to experience, when, for the sake only of a little *innocent* slander, they are brought to the bar, and sworn to speak the truth without any kind of equivocation; and perhaps at last fined a sum of money proportionable to their circumstances.

Another method to avoid this disagreeable event, and which I think equally advisable is, never to utter a *whole sentence* in the above relations; but only give short hints, in the following manner. So! there's a pretty talk! —have you not heard of it?—about Mr. A;—good dear! you must have heard something of it;—Why it is in every body's *mouth*. You know who they have long suspected of being great with——that girl who lives at——dear me! you heard me touch upon the subject a few days ago at Neighbour News-monger's: *now* you have

it. O they were absolutely caught in the fact. Ah!—ah!—and I know *more* ;—but *mum* for that. A married man too!—O it's infamous!—By this way of proceeding, they may probably evade the law, and wound their neighbour's reputation with impunity.

A short time only had elapsed before I fell into the hands of a Jolly Tar ; who d——d his eyes, but he loved me as well as fighting, or a can of flip, because I was the means of conveying his mind to his dear Poll, and telling her the hardships he endured at sea : I was soon after employed in writing the following epistle :

My Dear Poll,

I have just been regaling myself with a bowl of Bergoo,* in the wings of the cable tiers ; a place between the sides of the ship and the round of the cable, about three feet long : and if you
were

* A common Mefs with Sailors made with Oatmeal and Groats, boiled in water till they burst, and then buttered.

were but here, my dear girl, at dinner time, to see the reeking of the pots, the gloom of the place, and the black hue of its inhabitants;—the hammocks swinging over our heads, and the make-weight lights which glimmer so faintly, as only to “make the horror visible;” I am persuaded you would think yourself at the very D——l. Yet here it is, my dearest girl, here it is, we Sons of Neptune retire and regale ourselves after the fatigues of the element above.

O my dear Poll, “how many tedious steps have I measured on the quarter-deck, meditating on thy charms? how many winds have I commissioned to bear my sighs to thee? how many nightly hours of inclement watch have I lamented thy absence? how many rhymes have I devoted to thee? how many toasts have I relished to thy beauties? and how many ardent prayers have I preferred for thy happiness?” But never mind, my dearest jewel, I can brave all the terrors of the seas, without repining at my lot, though tossed about by adverse billows, if I can

only obtain the pleasure of knowing that the Guardian Angels of virtuous mortals watch over you, and guard your charms. May every blessing attend you, and strew your way with never-fading flowers.

Adieu, my Dear Poll,

“Our Sails are full for Sea.”

WILLIAM WATERSPARK.*

It next became my fortune to be detained by Timothy Telescope, a *Fortune-teller*. Here it was my constant employment to treat on the subject of Judicial Astrology; to erect a Scheme or Figure of the Heavens; which, according to Ptolemy, is divided into twelve Houses, by circles of position drawn through the poles of the ecliptic, and through every thirty degrees thereof: beginning to reckon at the ascendant, and counting every thirty degrees of the ecliptic for the space of one house. This was to-be done at such a place,—in such a latitude,—on such a day,—at such a minute, and

* This Letter was taken principally from the Story of Edward and Maria.

and so many seconds past such an hour at night,—anno domini 1795, the apparent time.

This was a kind of *divination*, whereby my master pretended to calculate nativities,—discover future events,—detect thieves,—and amuse lovers.

One day a very handsome carriage stopped at my master's door, and a servant rode up to enquire if the *Cunning Man* was at home? being answered in the affirmative, a lady, very elegantly dressed, immediately alighted, and desired to speak with him in private. This lady appeared to be one of that order of Females as is described in the history of Tom Jones, “whose faces are taken as a kind of security for their virtue.” I understood her business was to know if she should *ever be married*.

After asking several questions, (such as her age, &c. which I discovered was on the wrong side of forty), searching his celestial scheme, and making very *minute* calculations, he determined the question in favour of
of

of the lady, from this circumstance, namely, because Capricornus came into her *celestial house*, and Gemini was its *opposite sign* !

My next employer was Nicholas Niggardly, a great, *little* man; by a great little man, you may reasonably suppose is implied a direct contradiction; and such is Nicholas, when we consider his circumstances and disposition: his estate is large,—his *spirit* mean. Yet, that he comes under the denomination of an *honest* man, he does not entertain the least doubt in himself, for this reason; because he pays every one to a farthing what he bargains for:—true; but in what manner does he *make* his bargains? does he not take every advantage in his power, over the poor, the distressed, and the ignorant? and does he not impute that to his superior skill and cunning, which is in reality oppression and injustice? One day, as I was making out a long and large account against Frank Froth, I could not help remarking a wilful mistake or two which occurred

occurred in that business; such as placing a penny in the situation of a shilling, &c.—this is fair dealing!

I soon left master Niggardly, and entered the house of Agricola, a Jolly Farmer; he had been many years Church-warden——was very fond of ham and fowls, pigeon-pie, &c. and always distinguished himself in the gormandising way, at a Visitation. But as he was an unqualified man to pursue game, his chief complaint was in not being allowed to kill a brace of Partridges or a Hare without taking out a licence, or (as he expresses himself) it would be deemed “*Fell-honey and transformation!*” The multiplicity of unnecessary letters which this genius made use of to express himself in writing, both disgusted, and fatigued me; a short instance of which, I shall here give you.

“Farmer Simpkins Dettour to Agricola.

		£.	s.	d.
1795.				
June 11.	For 3 Quaurteers of Hoates -	2	15	6
13.	For a Sowe and Pigges -	3	10	0
Tottall -		6	5	6
and				

and I ham payed 3 ginneear in parte, and wee heave aggreed not to heave a stammpe, as wee must paye tuppence hallf-penney for it."

I was snatched from this situation, by a pert young relative of the farmer's, who had broken from Mr. Formal's Boarding-School for a day or two on a visit; and on his return, was employed to *transcribe* the following epistle to his Parents, from that *seminary of politeness*.

Dear Papa and Mama,

Duty as well as inclination, obliges me to address these few lines to you, to inform you, that by the indulgence of Mr. Formal, I have paid a visit to my worthy Uncle, Agricola; whom I had the happiness to find in perfect health, and all the good family: which blessing I sincerely hope both my dear Papa and Mama have the pleasure to experience.—Pray remember me to my old friend Jemmy Jeering, and tell him Sammy Sluggish learns to dance, because

cause his friends are of opinion it will give him a graceful air: and Jackey Gingle studies music and poetry to make him conversant in the *fine arts*.

Mr. and Mrs. Formal's most respectful compliments join my humble duty, with which I subscribe myself,

Dear Papa and Mama,
Your dutiful Son and Servant,

TOMMY TRIFLE.

After this I was introduced to Finical Fopling, a celebrated Beau: His employment was chiefly "to dust the books,—clean the bird-cages,—and make rebuses for the ladies;"—work a fire-screen, or a pair of ruffles,—sing to the soft harmony of Lætitia's harpsichord, and play with a monkey!!!

Diverting little Pug! would he often say, were it not for thee, and thy engaging tricks, how many dull, insipid hours should I frequently experience. His principal concerns were the make of his clothes,—the ornament
of

of his sword,—(peaceful, inoffensive steel)! the fashionable head of his cane, and hinge of his snuff-box!

Capricious fortune threw me next into the hands of a Mountebank, in whose service I was immediately employed to write an Oration, which he was to deliver *verbatim* on the stage, in the following words:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Before I proceed to describe the wonderful properties of my excellent Purging Pills, it is necessary I should inform you of the manner in which they operate on the stomach. You must know then, that the use of the stomach is Digestion: That the use of medicine is frequently to cause a quick digestion, by instantly dissolving or separating of the *Aliments* or Food into such minute parts as are fit to enter the *Lacteal Vessels*, and circulate with the mass of blood: this is principally effected by the *Saliva*, or spittle; the fermenting juice in the stomach,

separated

separated by the glands; by the liquors we drink; and lastly, by the continual motion of the muscular coats of the stomach; which motion is greatly accelerated by the operation of my famous Purging Pills. These Pills destroy all manner of worms in men, women, and children; will cure the scurvy, dropsy, itch, black and yellow jaundice, heart-burn, pains in the bowels, difficulty of breathing, king's evil, deafness, blindness, and almost every disease incident to the human body.

In the next place I must beg leave to recommend to you my Balsamic Ointment, or Corn-salve, which, by applying, will effectually eradicate those troublesome excrescences, and destroy both root and branch; although of ever so long standing. It is also an excellent remedy for scalds, burns, green-wounds, bruises, &c. Therefore, as my stay here will be very short, let me advise you all who labour under any of the aforesaid infirmities, to apply immediately

E

to

to *me*; since for *one shilling* you will not only be in possession of these valuable articles, but will also stand a chance for a silver cup, pair of plated-buckles, or silver sleeve-buttons, which Mr. Merryman will make you a present of, into the bargain.

* * * * *

I had no sooner ended this harangue, than it was my fortune to meet with the Author of these Adventures;—to what purpose he has employed me, I shall now leave for the judicious reader to determine.



D E A T H:

A P O E M.

"It is appointed for all Men once to die."

AN D must that solemn hour, my soul, arrive ?
That hour which robs thee of each earthly joy,
And levels all distinctions of our birth ?
It must ;——and how important's the event !
How nearly does it then concern us all,
So to enjoy this probatory state,
Not to forget the next !——That awful next,
Which seals our bliss, or our eternal woe !

Why do we seek, immoderately seek,
For pleasures, which possess'd, can only pall,
The poor enjoyments of deluded man !

Tell me ye gay, the happiest of your kind ;
 You, whom the world pronounces truly blest'd ;
 Is there a joy your revels can impart,
 The fear of Death's not able to destroy ?
 Do pleasures court ?——Such pleasures are a snare,
 Their chase is ruin, and their end is death !

—————“ Sure as night follows day,
 “ Death treads in pleasure's foot-steps round the
 world,
 “ When pleasure treads the paths that reason
 shuns.” *

Alarming thought ! sufficient to deter
 A thinking creature from the vain pursuit :
 For who, that's wise, dare hazard an event
 Of such concern to his immortal soul ?

Did we regard a dying man's advice,
 (Whose reason God in mercy has retain'd),
 How would he press us to avoid those rocks,
 Those syren rocks of pleasure and delight,
 That prove destructive to man's future bliss !

Each moment brings Death nearer, we're assur'd,
 And yet we live as tho' 'twould never come :

We

We daily see our neighbours drop around,
 Yet view Death's terrors far remov'd from us :
 But Oh ! how many instances we have,
 Of persons snatch'd by his relentless hand,
 Quite instantaneous, quite unprepar'd.
 What strange infatuation must it be,
 Not to advantage by another's fall ;
 But still pursue the same misguiding path,
 Amidst the warnings of a gracious GOD.

GOD calls, and man resists ;——He calls again,
 And finds him as before, still unconcern'd,
 Still inattentive to a future state :
 Some new exploit, some great engagement now
 Employs his thoughts, engrosses all his care ;
 When that's fulfill'd, he thinks to serve his GOD ;
 (At least he *hopes* he shall)—But Oh ! another
 Scheme succeeds, and so the present day
 Remains employ'd ;—employ'd in worldly cares :
 Thus, negligent from time to time, his days
 And months and years are fled away, 'till Death
 Arrests him in his mad career ; and then
 How shocking is the scene ! What thoughts alarm,
 What terror shakes his soul, in time of leaving
 His belov'd pursuits, and ent'ring on a world
 From whence he's certain he can ne'er return !

——— What is this life ? What but a state of guilt,
 Where sin and sorrow are united found !
 Are not the disappointments, and the cares,
 The troubles and anxieties we feel,
 With all the pains and torments of disease,
 Enough to wean us from the present world,
 And make us hope to find a *better* state ?
 And yet so fondly partial are we grown
 To this imperfect, this deluding scene ;
 That pain, distress, and all the train of ills,
 Can scarce compose us to the thought of death.

The modern buck, (pride of the female-sex,)
 Whose easy carriage, and polite address,
 Whose education, fortune and esteem,
 Have gain'd him reputation in the world ;
 To tell him he must shortly yield to Death,
 Would seem a meditated insult, and betray
 A breach of manners ; it would cause a laugh,
 And he who mentioned it, would get despis'd ;
 Such serious concerns he now defers,
 As mere intrusions on his happy hours,
 And only proper for infirm old age,
 Or such as have not his perfections giv'n.
 Plays, Balls, and Masquerades, are his delights,
 The midnight revel, and the joyous friend ;

These

These are his meditations, these his care ;
 The total sum of his desires below !
 And can he meet with satisfaction here ?
 Can all the gaieties of life impart
 That perpetuity of solid bliss,
 The restless soul impatiently desires ?
 No truly !——Man was made for nobler ends ;
 Created to contemplate heav'nly things,
 And taste the blessings of continu'd joys ;
 Joys that endure when time itself shall cease,
 And vast eternity for ever reign !

How void of reason then must he appear,
 Who builds his hopes on vanities below !
 And yet how anxiously men strive to gain
 Power and wealth, the trifles of a day,
 While they omit the weightier concerns
 Of Death, of Judgment, and a Future State !

We all must die ——the most insensible
 Is sure of this ; the most obdurate too
 Reflects with horror on th' appointed time,
 And wishes to evade its dread approach :
 Yet notwithstanding this, in time of health,
 (When all things here succeed to our desires),
 How pleasingly serene we pass our days,

With

With scarce a thought from whence such blessings
flow !

But should affliction or distress annoy,
How readily we own GOD's dreadful hand,
And beg in mercy he'll restore our peace.
Deluded wretches ! thus to deal with *HIM*,
As if dissimulation was conceal'd
From his omniscience !——As if no punishment
Was threaten'd those, whose own security
Has lull'd to rest the just ideas
Of an angry GOD.——The thought how dreadful
When it comes too late !

Important moment, when th' astonish'd soul,
Surveys both worlds, unable to relate
The awful scene it sensibly beholds !
Then is the time that *conscience* will preside,
And must *accuse*, or else *excuse* us all :
No art can cheat, no rhetoric persuade
That faithful Monitor to quit his hold,
Or once desist from his severe attack :
Millions of worlds (tho' offer'd for a day's,
An *hour's* reprieve) could not procure the grant,
Nor free a wretch from horror and despair.

And shall we then so ardently pursue
The splendid glare of a deceitful world ?

Still

Still court its pleasures, still admire its toys
Which no substantial happiness impart ?

The rich and great how envy'd ! how carefs'd !
As tho' contentment with a chariot roll'd,
And peace and happiness were fix'd within.
But when or where ?——Say rather discontent,
Ambition, pride, and dissatisfaction dwell
Where grandeur raises its exalted head :
A lost election disconcerts my lord,
And Chloe's * death excites his lady's tears ;
So frail, so fleeting are all earthly joys,
Scarcely acquir'd before we mourn their loss.

If Death be dreadful to the aged poor,
Whose length of years and miserable state
Have render'd pitiful and sad to see ;
How much *more* terrible must it appear
To those whose ample fortunes, youth and health ;
Whose gay imaginations, dainty fare,
Dress, equipage, and all the pomp of pride,
Have so familiariz'd to this vain world ;
Have so enur'd them to earthly toys,
Scarce to permit them to bestow a thought
On that which should have been their *first* concern ?
The

* A FAVORITE LAP DOG.

The bleſſed Sabbath ! ſet apart by GOD,
 For exerciſes of religious kind,
 Is ſpent, alas ! too often ſpent by them,
 In idle viſits ;——nay, in *gaming* too ;
 Their wretched cloſe of that moſt ſacred day !

Say then, ye ſenſeleſſly polite, ye moſt abandon'd gay ;
 What muſt you think, (when ſickneſs finds you time,
 And ſtrong conviction urges to reflect ;)
 What muſt you *think* will be the ſad event
 Of ſuch a retroſpect ?
 Will cuſtom, fashion, company, excuſe
 This ſhameful diſſipation of your time,
 When reaſon is permitted to preſide ?
 It cannot be !——then, and *then only*
 Will you ſee the cheat, and tremble to reflect
 How groſſly you have been ſo long deceiv'd.

Sickneſs, loſt reaſon's kind reſtorer, proves,
 And oft *convinces*, (ſooner than Divines)
 How great's the folly of a miſ-ſpent life !
 Then 'tis we ſee things in their proper light :
 Then 'tis the world's deluſions ceaſe to charm.
 ————— O ye deceivers, and deceiv'd !

“ Lovers

" Lovers of pleasures more than of your GOD," *
 That lead the dance, or join the jovial train ;
 How soon will Death, relentless, cruel Death,
 Step in the circle of your *gayest* friends,
 And cool your ardour for terrestrial joys !

Who that considers well, how short is Life,
 And how uncertain all things are below ;
 Does not, obedient to his Saviour's will,
 Constantly watch, and most devoutly pray,
 He may not fall into the tempter's snare,
 And death surprise him, when he least suspects ?

The more we think on these important truths,
 The better we're prepar'd for their event :
 Death loses all its terrors with the good,
 And meets the CHRISTIAN as "*the Prince
 of Peace !*"

* TIMOTHY iii, 4.





